1509/1036.

A

RECEIPT

TO MAKE

A *Bath-Eaſton* POET,

AND TO OBTAIN

A *PRIZE* FROM THE *VASE.*

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MDCCLXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 MAY 63

A

RECEIPT

TO MAKE

A *Bath-Eaſton* POET, &c.

YE Youths who covet the Sublime,
And offer Hecatombs in rhyme;
You that in peace wou'd rather ſhare
The Laureat's praiſe than toils of war,
And ſigh for Myrtle Chaplets more
Than laurels on th' Atlantic ſhore;
You who forſake the tedious road
Of Pray'r, and quit for rhyme your God;
You too, neglecting Law, who follow
The ſiſter Muſes and Apollo,

And for Parnaſſian wreaths o'erlook
Your BLACKSTONE, LYTTLETON, and COKE;—
Learn by what methods to ſucceed,
Provided you can write and read.
For 'tis not Wit or genuine Senſe
That gains deſerv'd pre-eminence;
Here Art and Policy obtain
What real Genius courts in vain;
And Blockheads may by ſheer addreſs
Triumphant aſcertain ſucceſs.

FIRST—pilfer WIT where'er you find it,
Tho' critics cavil, never mind it;
Let SWIFT, POPE, ADDISON, ſupply
Such hints as vapid parts deny.
They'll call you Plagiariſt; what then?
Critics themſelves are very men;
And whilſt ſuch ſnarlers cenſure you,
Cavil perhaps 'cauſe others do.
But why of Plagiariſm this pother?
We're Plagiariſts of one another:

For

For ſuch is life and converſation,
That men are form'd by imitation;
Collect ideas man from man,
And thus cement the general plan:
Whilſt frail Exiſtence, all may ſee,
Is but a ſtate of Mimickry;
Where each, adopting good or ill,
Proves us thro' life meer copyiſts ſtill.

Some like the Hudibraſtick metre,
And rhymes of ſtrange and uncouth feature;
Theſe judge of verſes by their length,
Not their intrinſic worth and ſtrength,
And wit with chains like acres meaſure,—
Ten pages muſt be ſure a treaſure!
If merit in an hundred lies,
What muſt a thouſand lines compriſe?
Preferring thus the Great to Good,
Merit with them is *Magnitude*.
But hold! of none I mean to ſpeak ill,
Much leſs H-rdc--tle, L-tt--ll, J-k-ll;

No poignant ſatire can be meant
'Gainſt rhymes ſo *very* innocent;
For tho' diffuſe, yet ſuch their eaſe,
You'll find, believe me, copying theſe,
Abundant matter how to pleaſe.
Of Cloe *garrulouſly* gay
At Concert, Ball-room, Church, and Play;
Of Tête-a-tête, Intrigues, Chit-chat,
That ſuch and ſuch know what is what;
Remarks of Prudes on both Parades,
Of Pump-Room, Play-Houſe, Colonades,
Head-dreſſes, ſtreamers, maſquerades;
With ſuch like futile trifling ſtuff,
Make Miſſes laugh, and that's enough.

Then rant in blank Heroics much,
For tho' not ſenſe, 'twill paſs for ſuch.
The Chaplain oft this ſecret try'd,
Bombaſt to Nonſenſe how allied;
Seſquipedalian words he found
Gain'd (what they loſt in ſenſe) in ſound;

So

So preach'd (and 'twas no bad pretence)
More to the paſſions than the ſenſe,
Excited terror and amaze,
Whilſt Wonder was miſtook for Praiſe;
And judges thought the matter good,
Becauſe—'twas rarely underſtood.

ANOTHER ſecret let me teach you,
That Witlings may not over-reach you:
Let BEAUTY conſecrate the *Théſe*,
And drop the trifle in the vaſe;
Make intereſt with all ranks and ſects,
To give the prize as ſhe directs;
Bid juſtice wink with partial eye,
And ſtagger e'en Divinity.
For when the *ſpecial jury* meet,
To try and analyſe the Wit,
A *whiſper* may decide your fate,
And make the ſcale preponderate,
Each ſuffrage fix, if doubts ariſe,
And give at leaſt the ſecond prize.

SOMETIMES,

SOMETIMES, to quit the hackney'd road,
Saint-like produce a ſerious Ode;
Deſcanting, with up-lifted eye,
On Virtue and Morality.
This track has been by ſome purſued,
Who wou'd be thought ſupremely good;
For Senators are now turn'd Teachers,
And Fribbles too ſet up for Preachers,
To check the follies of the nation
By proofs of Goſpel diſpenſation.
Howe'er ſuch lectures ſuit with none
But rhapſodiſts or H—t—ngd—n;
Thoſe whom no ſenſual paſſions move
But pure refin'd ſeraphick love;
Who, having loſt the genuine taſte
For earthly bliſs, reſolve to faſt,
And quit the ſolid joys of ſenſe,
When forc'd by age and impotence.
Wou'd you from M—LL—R's group ſelect,
I fear you'll find but few elect:

'Tis

'Tis true they *feel an inward call,*—
You'll aſk for what?—perhaps a Ball;
For diſſipation, play, or dreſs,
A boſom friend, or—(can't you gueſs)—
Some *yet untaſted* happineſs.

But ſhou'd all theſe expedients fail,
Nor art or management avail,
One happy ſubſtitute remains
To recompenſe your toil and pains:—
Men in all climes we daily ſee
Caught by deluſive Flattery;
Beauty and Wit, tho' proof to gold,
By Flatt'ry may be bought and ſold;
The young, the old, the prude, the gay,
Here their ſincereſt homage pay;
And, ſuch the innate Love of Praiſe,
Credit whate'er the Syren ſays.
Judicious then that bait diſpenſe,
'Tis worth a *wondrous deal of ſenſe.*

Secure their favour to inherit
Where compliment takes place of merit;
Whilſt every voice approves the lays,
And ſtandard taſte confers the *Bays*.

Thus tho' by two competitors ſurpaſt,
One wreath remains— M***** may grant the laſt.

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